

Short Skirt Long Jacket

by Princessive

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Summary: It was only supposed to be a simple shopping trip...
fem!Kagehina

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Looking at cute girls was, admittedly, quite a habit of Kageyama's.

It was more out of sheer jealousy than anything else, though, as opposed to all the pretty and petite girls her age, the every pouty girl was an awkward high school oddity with a gangly body, a childish hairstyle, and not a single drop of make-up on her face. Meanwhile, all the girls around her had smallish frames, bouncy and wavy curls, and perfect foundation and mascara that looked good enough to seem like it was natural.

She didn't want to be bothered with such trivialities as outer appearances, because her main focus in high school right now was strictly volleyball. However, ever since a certain annoying, orange-haired shrimp started letting her long curls down_â€_and started wearing shorter skirts with thigh-high tights and a little bit of foundation and a sweet-smelling perfume with an alluring scene of something like pomegranate_â€_Kageyama felt like she needed to be able to compete with the other girl. With physical activities, it was easy enough; Hinata was short and overcoming her was a simple matter of Kageyama using her natural corporeal potential. The advantage of height stopped there, however, as Hinata's girlish cuteness was more easily attainable with a more desirable body structure.

With a defeated sigh, Kaeyama pressed separate fingers on two different vending machine buttons, swiftly grabbing the tumbled milk carton and jabbing it with a straw before she began to eagerly drink. Walking around with milk in hand always seemed to calm her nerves down. Seeing all the cute girls that walked by only proved to destroy her serenity, unfortunately.

She sucked on her straw with much more vigor, her eyebrows furrowing and her nose crinkling in irritation. When she heard the all too-familiar whine of her name from behind her, followed by the commonplace demand of "toss to me," her steps subconsciously quickened to a hurried stride. Despite her efforts to walk away from the other girl, Hinata was unfortunately known for her unbreakable determination, and that paired with her natural quickness made it so it was only a matter of time before Kageyama felt a strong tug on her sleeve.

"Kageyama! Let's go practice the floaty quick!" Her eyes sparkled as she motioned her arm as if she was performing a spike. "I'm really getting the hang of it now!"

"Not now," the dark-haired girl deadpanned, cold and terse. She took a harsh sip from her now-empty milk carton.

Hinata rushed in front of her, her arms crossed in front of her flat chest and her cheeks puffed in disappointment. "But why?"

"Busy."

"With what exactly?"

Kageyama paused for a moment. "Thinking."

And, of course, Hinata burst out laughing, loud chortles oozing out of her mouth, sounding much like a roaring waterfall. "Y-you! Thinking!" Her hands wrapped snugly around her stomach, her expression washed over with a weird amalgam of pain from laughing too hard and amusement at the prospect of her friend actually _thinking_.

"Sh-shut up, you idiot! Dumbass!" she said her cheeks growing hot with indignation. "This is an important matter!"

It took Hinata a couple more minutes before settling down completely (though she still let out the occasional giggle, which annoyed Kageyama to no end). "Oh, what is it? Volleyball?"

"Nope."

"Eh! Then tell me, Kageyama!"

Before Kageyama could even stop herself, she succumbed to the irritating girl still pulling at her sleeves and said "girls" before dropping her milk carton and covering her mouth in embarrassment. Her face was a flustered mess at that moment, her eyes wanting to search Hinata for a reaction, but her quickening heart telling her to run away before things got too messy.

"Do you play for the other team? Not like Nekoma or anything, but you know..." Hinata's voice was serious, but to Kageyama, it sounded demeaning for some reason, and her immediate reaction was grabbing a hold of her pretty orange head, a stern look plastered on her face.

"No, idiot," she said, though even she was unsure of herself. "I just

think it's stupid how girls go so far to look good. It's a waste of time, honestly. You could use that energy to do something more useful... or whatever."

At that, Hinata began to twirl a long lock of hair around her index finger, her eyes shining with amusement. "Eh, could you possibly be _jealous_, Kah-gay-yah-mah?" She accentuated every single syllable of the black-haired girl's name, but every slow, emphasized word made Kageyama cringe and sink down onto the ground.

"Why would I be jealous?" Though she wanted to sound mad, like before, her voice wavered with a lack of conviction. Hinata, though oblivious as she was, always seemed to notice when something was off with Kageyama; and so, with a sly grin, she linked her arm with Kageyama's, flashing her the biggest grin anyone's ever scene.

"Let's go shopping tomorrow!"

* * *

><p>It took Kageyama thirty minutes more to choose an outfit today. Normally, it would only take her two minutes tops to pick an outfit, her usual casual attire consisting of grabbing the closest t-shirt and pants at her disposal. That morning, she contemplated what to wear, though a further examination of her clothing made her realize her wardrobe consisted solely of baggy t-shirts, jeans, and sports shorts. Completely disappointed in herself, she ultimately turned to her mother for some clothing to borrow just for today, and her kind mother complied, telling her that her entire wardrobe was free to raid.<p>

Naturally, Kageyama was hesitant in choosing an outfit. She wasn't sure what shirt coordinated with which skirt. But even though she was struggling, she felt some unnatural force tug at the corners of her lips, provoking them upward into a small smile. She was having a bit of fun.

In the end, she decided to choose a top and a skirt that she ended up liking, and after putting them both on, she tied her hair up in her usual twintails, adding a bit of flair in the form of cute glittery star hairbands that she used to wear as a child. She twirled around in front of her mother's full view mirror, a feeling of satisfaction bubbling in her chest. Hey, maybe this being cute thing isn't as hard as I thought, she mused bemusedly.

As the doorbell rang, Kageyama made a final brush through one of her long pigtails before running down the stairs, slipping on a pair of sneakers before opening the front door. Hinata appeared with her signature sunshiny expression. Kageyama noted that the other girl looked extra cute today, her "casual" clothing on par to something the girls in world-famous magazines would wear. Her top was a vintage-looking, floral print dressy white shirt with extra long sleeves that covered her entire arms and hands barring her fingertips and a lacy collar, paired nicely with a short, washed-out navy skirt with intricate white designs weaving across in an almost princess-like pattern. Thigh-high cat tights covered her slim legs, laced-up brown boots adorning her small feet. Her hair was tied in an artistically messy ponytail, a giant ribbon sitting atop her orange locks. She looked like a living, breathing doll.

Kageyama tensed up, suddenly feeling inferior to Hinata for once. Her heart stilled at the breathtaking girl in front of her, ignoring the fact that she was usually annoying Kageyama without a care in the world. She wanted to tell the other girl that she looked super cute today, but the dark-haired girl couldn't bring it in herself to make the words pass her lips; in that way, if they did, she felt like she would have lost.

"Um, nice clothes..." Hinata murmured as her amber eyes slowly looked over Kageyama's attire. She blushed, looking away with shame. Now that Kageyama thought about it, she didn't really think a boring orange knit sweater and a long denim skirt were the best fashion pairing in the world. In fact, now that she was really thinking about it, she realized she looked like_â€"_

"A grandma!" Hinata cried out, tears forming at the corners of her eyes. Kageyama could tell the orange-haired girl was trying her best to surpass her erupting laughter, but in all honesty, even she could understand the laughter and decidedly let the short girl continue without having any stinging remarks or harsh attacks.

Surprisingly, it didn't take long before Hinata ceased her careless laughter. Her back straightened up and she regained her composure, looking up at her taller friend with serious eyes. "Alright, Kageyama, let's go and make you a cutie."

Without a trace of hesitation, Kageyama nodded in agreement and trailed after the shorter girl. She covered her skirt with her arms as if hiding its hideousness, even though she knew her attempts would be futile anyway. A spring zephyr made its way towards them, rustling their skirts up a bit; and in that moment, Kageyama accidentally caught a short peek of Hinata's adorable pale pink panties, and Kageyama's face ended up mirroring the same exact shade as the other girls' undergarments. Unfazed and unaware of what just happened, Hinata continued walking with her bike in hand, and Kageyama continued stumbling onward, fumbling with her hands (unfortunately, she didn't have any pockets and wasn't exactly sure what to do with her bare hands at that moment) and looking away from the orange-haired girl when possible.

It didn't take long before they reached the clothing store. It was a small, cozy, and humble little store in the middle of other shops and restaurants. Going inside produced a small bell to ring, and the two girls were met with various warm greetings from the employees. Hinata happily returned the greeting with one of her own while Kageyama mumbled one with an awkward, crooked smile, waving absentmindedly. Then, Hinata looked up at Kageyama and grabbed her hand, dragging her off to the section for girls clothing. (Kageyama tried to ignore the fact that her hands were sweaty and hoped Hinata could ignore that fact, too.)

When the two girls finally reached the girls' section, Hinata's eyes started to scan the entire place, stopping at specific pieces of clothing and making a dash to hang them on her arm. Kageyama felt overwhelmed at the amount of clothes pulling up on the other girl's tiny arms and made her way to one of the dressing rooms to settle down. She looked at herself in the mirror and frowned, nodding her head in disappointment. Kageyama wasn't meant to look cute. Her giant body just wasn't made out for something like cuteness, and that was

one thing he could never practice to perfect or memorize or anything. That's how she was born, and despite her larger body working in her favor during volleyball especially, it served her no purpose when it came to self-confidence. In fact, she felt like her tall frame just made her feel a little bit shitty. The fact that other girls have shunned her because of her tallness (okay, and maybe because she was a little bit self-absorbed and "queen-like" for everyone too) helped further the fact that it affected her self-esteem enough to make it crumble into nothing.

With a sigh, she looked away from the mirror and began to loosen her sweater, tugging at the collar. She felt like it was too hot inside the dressing room and decided to come back out when, all of a sudden, she was bombarded with a plethora of clothing of all sorts of materials, itchy and silky alike. She then heard a click in front of her, followed by a happy go lucky girl who seemed too excited for her own good.

"Ready to find your womanhood, Kageyama?" she said cheekily.

Kageyama fumed and was about to shout back with a nasty retort, but she stopped herself by pursing her lips and weakly nodded in agreement. Hinata smiled and told Kageyama to undress herself, and the dark-haired just looked at her with a dumbfounded expression, acting as if Hinata had just said something completely taboo.

"With you around?" she inquired slowly, not being able to fully comprehend the situation at the moment.

Hinata shot back the same dumbfounded look. "Well, yeah. We're both girls so it shouldn't be a problem, right?"

"R-right..." Kageyama shuffled uncomfortably in her seat, sifting through the clothes on the ground with her feet. She began tugging at her sweater and tried pulling it above her, but she could feel Hinata's gaze on her, and she suddenly pulled her top back down, glaring at the orange-haired girl. "Stop looking at me, dumbass..."

"Don't be so self-conscious, Kageyama," Hinata said, attempting a soothing tone. It only proved to heighten Kageyama's anxiety. "Listen, your boobs are like one notch higher than mine, so I should be the embarrassed one here." When the dark-haired girl still looked uneasy, Hinata sympathetically touched the other girl's shoulder, giggling softly when she jumped in shock. "Kageyama, it's alright. We get dressed and undressed in the locker rooms all the time. This isn't any different."

The dark-haired girl was still looking to the side, ignoring Hinata completely. With an offended huff, Hinata started taking off her own clothes until she was down to only her pink undergarments. The memory of the dastardly wind's evil deeds from earlier suddenly flashed through Kageyama's thoughts, and as she tried to fight off those indecent memories, she suddenly found Hinata way too close to her, her bright, porcelain skin looking nice even under the badly-lit room.

"Since I've done it, you have to do it now too!"

Kageyama made some sort of cynical grunt, taking a short glance at Hinata before looking away, her eyebrows furrowing. "I don't want you to judge me."

Her voice was a soft, almost melancholic mumble. Hinata's posture weakened and her hardened eyes softened as she looked down at her dark-haired friend. "Why would I judge you?"

"Everyone else does!" Kageyama's voice was still low, but it was laced with a hint of bitterness. "They're always saying stuff about how my body's kinda manly. I'm not girly enough. I'm too tall to be a girl." The bitterness in her voice rose to dangerous levels, making Hinata flinch backward. She hadn't heard Kageyama sound so angry before. "I don't have a body fit to be a standard for cuteness, okay? Not even close to it. I don't want to care about that, but it really, really sucks when everyone else around you is tiny and then I'm... not. It's like I'm a freak." Kageyama's strained voice started to fluctuate between sounding really pissed off and sounding like she was about to cry. "And then... you. You've always been cute. You have the perfect body to be cute, and now you're suddenly cuter and maybe it made me a bit jealous, to say the fucking least."

"K-Kageyama..." The orange-haired girl—the girl who always had a response to anything anyone said and was easily able to keep a conversation flowing smoothly—was left speechless. She looked at the other girl who was heaving heavily, obviously not being used to talk so passionately for such a long period of time. She covered her bare shoulders with her tiny hands and looked down at the pile of clothing pooled around her naked feet, her toes feeling the scratchy fabric of the sweaters. "I understand."

"Huh?" Kageyama looked at her angrily. "Didn't you just he—" "

"Yeah." Hinata locked her eyes with Kageyama's shadowy blue ones with gravity. "You wanna know why I started to dress up and everything?" She paused for a moment to collect her thoughts before saying, "it's because people judge me too."

Kageyama's mouth was left open agape, her face washed with disbelief.

"People judge you 'cause you're tall. Well, you know what? People judge me for being short. Girls here are tiny, yeah, but I'm unusually small, and it gives people a good laugh. People call me a kid. I'm a high school student, but apparently I look like a middle schooler who got lost and ended up at Karasuno for some reason. I started wearing make-up and stuff to look more like a woman, but all I ever get are compliments on how cute I am. Never anything else. Just cute, like a small child." She gave an uncharacteristically cold laugh before continuing. "I'll never look like a strong, mature woman like everyone else in high school. But you, Kageyama... You look mature and cool and... beautiful. Just like a queen—" and you don't even have to try."

The dark-haired girl was suddenly filled with a surge of emotion, not only from Hinata actually complimenting her (a rare feat for Kageyama for some unknown reason; though coming from the easily impressed Hinata, it felt special whenever it happened to her, no matter how

scarce) but also because she never would have thought Hinata, of all people, was going through the same body shame that she was going through. The standards for girls were impossible to reach, Kageyama thought. There was always something "wrong" with everyone when, in actuality, those wrongs were just another unique perk to a girl's unique kind of beauty. A beauty all her own.

All it took for Kageyama to realize how silly she had been acting was a half-naked orange-haired girl who, at that moment, seemed to blossom into a woman all her own. Kageyama looked at her and smiled in indication of being thankful for Hinata's words, and Hinata, now aware of her cold, almost nude body, covered her torso with her arms and looked away, her face looking like it was about to explode from embarrassment.

"Don't look at me!"

Kageyama scoffed. "Weren't you the one who said it was okay since we're both girls?" Kageyama tried to hide her face behind a pile of clothing she had picked up earlier, her gaze falling bemusedly on Hinata's flushed face. She noted how Hinata looked extra adorable when she was flustered.

"Well, when you're still fully-clothed, it makes me feel awkward!"

"Dumbass! You're the one making it awkward!"

But Kageyama ended up taking off her stuffy orange sweater and long denim skirt anyway, snickering at Hinata's shocked gasp. Kageyama caught a glance of herself in the full view mirror and smiled to herself. Before, all she could see was an awkwardly tall girl, unfeminine and constantly made fun of for being such. Now, she could see exactly what Hinata told her: a young girl confident in who she was and what she looked like. For once in her life, she actually felt like a _girl_.

Suddenly, she heard a giggle from behind her. "N-nice striped panties, Kageyama!"

"Sh-shut up, dumbass Hinata! Stupid!"

End
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